The Messenger, Vol. 38, No. 2

COLLEGE DIRECTORY

LITERARY SOCIETIES

PHILOLOGIAN

A. R. Hawkins.....*President*
J. E. Welsh .....*Vice-President*
S. S. Cook..... .....*Secretary*
A. F. Robertson.....*Treasurer*

MU SIGMA RHO

T. W. Croxton.....*President*
C. T. O'Neil.....*Vice-Presiden*
H. R. Eckles..... *Secretary*
H. M. Taylor.....*Treasurer*

THE MESSENGER

J. W. Decker, '11.....*Editor*
E. M. Gwathmey, '12.....*Business Manager*
Prof. J. C. Metcalf.....*Advisory Editor*

GENERAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Prof. W. P. Dickey ....*President*
F. M. Benton, '12..... .....*Vice-President*
J. E. Welsh, '12.....*Secretary*
C. T. O'Neil, '12..... .....*Treasurer*
Robert N. Pollard, '02.....*Graduate Manager*

FOOTBALL

J. V. Gary, '12.....*Manager*
H. W. Taylor, '12.....*Captain*

BASEBALL

H. R. Eckles, '12.....*Manager*
A. R. Meredith, '12.....*Captain*

TRACK TEAM

G. H. Winfrey, '12.....*Manager*
R. W. Vaughan, '13.....*Captain*

TENNIS

T. B. Powers, '12..... .....*Manager*

Y. M. C. A.

J. E. Welsh, '12.....*President*
W. B. Miller, '12.....*Vice-President*
A. B. Carter, '12.....*Secretary*
Frank Gaines, '12.....*Treasurer*

CONTENTS.

THE MESSENGER

VOL. XXXVIII NOVEMBER, 1911 No. 2

THE HEART AV A CELT.

S. A. Ryan, '14.

I've lived in me corner apart, but I've felt
All a man can endure in 'is youth;
Och! the love that is loved by the heart av a Celt,
An' the dreamin' that's truer than truth!
Oh! childer, ye childer that prattle and sing,
'Tis nothin' ye know av the art
Av hidin' the pain that the old thoughts bring
To the core av me restless heart.

'Tis no use that it is av me thryin' to read,
For the book would be shlippin' away,
An' the heart av me body be cryin' in need
For the frinds av a long ago day.
Oh! childer, ye childer, 'tis merry ye feel;
May ye niver be knowin' the woe
Av a hungerin' heart that iver will kneel
At the threshhold av years long ago!

Och! the cold truths that cut like a knife,
An' the dreamin' that niver is truth!
Can I settle me down in the rut av a life
When I still have the heart av me youth?
Oh! childer, ye childer that play in the street,
Now laugh ye and sing at yure best,
For ye lighten the step av me draggin' feet,
An' a heart that has nowhere to rest.

WHERE WOMAN MEETS THEOLOGY.

Philos, '12.

NO, GENTLE reader, it was not that insipid effervesence which steals over the normal youth, affects his appetite, and is labeled love. For this was no normal boy; his mother had told him so a thousand times, and now that he had been in college a year and digested Haeckel and Ingersoll, despite a few hours wasted on Mathematics and Chemistry, he could not dispute the fact that he was of unique genius. And he felt the loneliness of genius—God wot, the pain was keen. Then he grew into that "world vision" about which the president talked every morning in chapel. His ideals soared high in their loftiness and purity. Humanity needed him—humanity should have him. Therefore humanity need not despair. The injustice of man toward man brought a crimson blush of shame to his cheek. He knew that because he watched it ebb and swell and sink before a looking-glass. So he gave vent to these sentiments in verse, yet words are such feeble medium for the great passions; his life must be his poetry. He recalled with satisfaction that every new-born babe came into this world absolutely naked, physically, intellectually and ethically. God, what an opportunity to uplift the race! He would be a preacher of his great idea.

At the beginning of his sophomore year he was still feeling the loneliness of genius. Then girl number one appeared. Every preacher, gentle reader, numbers his girls to tell them apart. She, by way of parenthesis, was also a genius, not strong on Mathematics and Chemistry, yet with an outlook on life as broad as his own. Her eyes lit up, his diary records, with lumious intensity as he unfolded his marvelous plans. And again, the diary says, from her eye to his would flash that spark which kindred souls do generate. Referring again to the diary, she had a sublime, aesthetic sense and alone of all mankind appreciated his poetry, but enough of the diary. Suffice it to say that the loneliness of genius was gone. Here was one who should supplement his soul

and uphold his hands "till death should them part"—that is, the souls, not the hands.

With your permission, gentle reader, we will omit commencement week. For you may forget that you've done the same thing and will continue to do so if you are a college man, and laugh at my hero, which would hurt his refined nature; genius is always sensitive. Anyway, after the goodbye performance had been repeated many times, as it always is, he left for the country to preach. His soul was laden with the burden of lost souls, not to mention the prospect of a ten-spot per Lord's Day. And I might add that he was well armed with sword of the Lord and of Gideon, chiefly Gideon.

He had been at his station a week or two, perhaps a whole month, when—well, it stands to reason that there are more girls in the world than one. Now, be merciful, gentle reader. It was only his junior year. Girl number two never had one noble ideal that has yet been discovered. Her school days were being spent in specializing in French and Music, and she didn't know Henrik Ibsen from Ty Cobb, and her outlook on life went only as far as the next dance and the dress she would wear, how low it might be cut, etc. Of course the preacher frowned stern disapproval—on the dance, not the dress. But as for the girl herself, well, if Homer refrained from describing Helen perhaps modesty would become me also. Each one has a way of her own, you know, and you must see her smile and then you'll agree that some things lips cannot utter.

The smile caused the trouble anyway. It was while he was preaching and had reached a climax. The mighty audience was spellbound by his fiery intensity and zeal, when from somewhere she smiled at him. He may have finished his sermon, I don't know. But the audience was not spellbound any longer, and he cut out half the benediction. Then he walked home by her, his little derby perched sedately on his head and the Holy Writ under his arm.

Now for the tragedy, genetle reader. That very night, for reasons unknown, he forsook the straight and narrow path, reached out and took her hand, yet withal tenderly, reverently, aye, even sacredly. True, he expected a curt repulse, but that girl didn't do

a thing but return his grip with a little firmer pressure. Horrors! his breath came short. Shocked is not the word, gentle reader, an idol was broken. "Great God," he prayed, "is woman, thy fairest and best creation such as this?" And yet—well, you may remember that we are as prone to sin as the sparks to fly upward. Her little warm hand felt so good in his that he pressed her palm hard against his own. But hold a minute, gentle reader! Ah, he recovers himself, his presence of mind returns—and he closes the shutters on the window blinds.

* * * * * * *

Down to the seashore went maiden number one, luminous eyes, aesthetic sense and all. Perhaps she wailed her bitter grief to the unceasingly sobbing sea. Perhaps she went in swimming with another fellow. But out on one of the pastoral charges in the state a young divine and maiden number two—but right here, gentle reader, the story leaves theology and comes down to life, such as you and I live. And all this is distinctly foreign to a theological story. However you may know that every now and then our young etherealist talked very humanly and held her a little closer.

Carroll Moore Baggarly, B. A., M. D.

IN MEMORIAM

Carroll Moore Baggarly, B. A., M. D.

The Faculty of Richmond College has learned with sincere regret of the death of Dr. Carroll Moore Baggarly on September 3d. They feel that his character and life richly merit some permanent testimonial from his colleagues and they have unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

I. We mourn the death of a friend whose lovable disposition and kindly manner greatly endeared him to each of his colleagues in this Faculty.

II. His broad knowledge of Biology, his sympathetic interest in young men, and his ability to stimulate enthusiasm in the pursuit of truth make his death a real loss to the teaching force of Richmond College.

III. Because of his devotion to the science of Medicine, because of his unusual skill and ability as shown by his rapid promotion as a physician, because of the great service which he rendered in promoting the health and general welfare of his fellow-men, his death is an irreparable loss to the community.

IV. We commend to others his example of filial regard and loyalty and pray that the great Physician and Comforter will minister to his aged father in his sore bereavement.

V. That these resolutions be incorporated in the Faculty Record, that they be published in The Richmond College Messenger, and that copies be sent to Dr. Baggarly's father and brother.

DICE R. ANDERSON,
ROBERT E. LOVING,
EUGENE C. BINGHAM, Chairman,
Committee of the Faculty.

Richmond, Va., September 23, 1911.

CARROLL MOORE BAGGARLY, A. B., M. D.

Prof. D. R. Anderson.

"THE wings of man's life are plumed with the feathers of death." So said an old-time sea king and proved the truth of his words by his own untimely death. So thought the writer of this brief sketch when, as flashed from a clear sky, came word that his friend, Carroll Baggarly, was no more. A few months ago no task was more unexpected than this which I perform; and none now would be more painful except as I joy to do honor to a true and noble man. Although I had known Dr. Baggarly only a few years, not so long indeed as some of my colleagues, yet there were between us certain bonds of pleasant relationship that caused the editor of THE MESSENGER to ask of me a short record of Dr. Baggarly's faithful career.

Carroll Moore Baggarly was the son of Baldwin B. and Emma Moore Baggarly, to whom he was born March 13, 1873. Of his early life I know nothing except that when the Randolph-Macon Academy opened at Bedford City in 1890, young Baggarly appeared and was the first student to matriculate at that institution. There he seems to have taken an interest not only in his studies, but happily in student enterprises as well, for we learn that in 1892 he won the orator's medal offered by the Washington Literary Society. After two years' preparation he was able to enter Randolph-Macon College at Ashland, where, at the end of three more years of faithful study, he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Before taking up professional work he found it necessary, as do so many worthy young men, to spend a few years in teaching. He therefore became instructor in Languages at Rappahannock Military Academy, located in his home county; from thence he went to Rocky Mount, N. C., and taught Mathematics, and later, coming to Richmond, he filled with great satisfaction the chair of Latin at the Woman's College. In May, 1901, he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the University College of this city. From that time, besides teaching Biology

in Richmond College (1904-1910) and Ophthalmology at the University College of Medicine, he was building up an ever-increasing practice both as general medical practitioner and as specialist on the eye, ear and throat.

At the time of his death Dr. Baggarly was Physician-in-Charge of the Richmond Eye, Ear and Throat Infirmary, Medical Director of the city public schools, Associate Professor of Ophthalmology at the University College of Medicine, Lecturer in the Training School for Nurses at the Virginia Hospital and the Retreat for the Sick, Instructor in Biology at Richmond College, and associate of Dr. Joseph A. White in the surgery of the eye, ear, nose and throat. Besides holding these positions of responsibility, he was a member of various learned and social societies of Richmond and Virginia.

In the midst of all this activity that dreadful scourge of men, typhoid fever, sapped out his life. He died at the Virginia Hospital September 3, 1911, aged thirty-eight years five months and twenty-three days. He is survived by his brother, Hon. F. C. Baggarly, of Richmond, and his father, Mr. B. B. Baggarly, of Washington, Va.

Prof. Baggarly, in the judgment of this writer, was a gentleman of the highest type—amiable, cheerful, helpful; a teacher of constantly growing interest and efficiency; a scholar loyally and enthusiastically devoted to the pursuit of truth; a servant of the people, a member of the heroic army of those who have suffered to relieve suffering, and died to prevent the death of their fellows; a Christian who loved mercy rather than burnt offerings, and good deeds more than loud professions.

I would say his life was short, far too short; it was, but then

> "We should live in deeds, not years;
> In thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial,
> We should count time by heart throbs.
> He most lives
> Who think most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

I would say I grieve he lives not; I do that he works no more among us. But still I know full well he both lives and works.

A SERVANT OF THE MASSES.

J. E. Welsh, '12.

A GREAT character is an epoch maker. As we study the history of progress we see men rise up and shape the destiny of nations. America gave birth to a Washington, who personified her great love of liberty, who expressed her undying loyalty to the principles of democratic government, and linked his name forever with the birth of our republic. The century in which the subject of this sketch for the most part lived and wrought had among its great names few more memorable than his.

Six men are inseparably associated with the nineteenth century—Napoleon, Gladstone, Bismarck, Lincoln, Garibaldi and Tolstoy. The work of Count Leo Tolstoy, the last of the nineteenth century giants, like that of these others, is without finality. At first the world was startled by the spectable of a man of the highest rank, of a most ancient lineage, of great wealth, of renown in arms and letters, putting from him fame, ease and honor and proposing to adopt literally the Word of God by making himself as one of the least of the brethren of Christ. So wholly extraordinary, so curious, so seemingly strange was this sight that the world could scarcely believe her eyes even when, at the sound of this voice crying in the wilderness, she had rubbed the sleep of two thousand years out of them. The voice that had so charmed her in fable, this voice was bidding her prepare the way of the Lord and make His paths straight. Tears came into the world's eyes and then smiles illumined her face, but after a time the lids fell again and all was as before.

Tolstoy first saw the light of day August 28, 1828, upon his father's estate in the province of Tula. Arriving at young manhood he became a diligent student of the Oriental languages and law. During the Crimean War he saw valiant service with the Army of the Danube. Much of the years 1854-55 was spent in writing several sketches of the defense of Sebastopol, which im-

mediately placed his name among the prose masters of the day. In 1857 a visit abroad sowed the first seeds of his disappointment in modern civilization. Shortly afterwards we find him settled upon his estate and devoting himself to school work among the peasants. In 1875 his great work, "Anna Karenina," appeared. The year 1880 witnessed Tolstoy completely in the power of philosophical and social questions, and for more than a decade after he gave to the world a series of religious, social and philosophical treatises.

During his latter days Tolstoy was one of the most commanding figures in the world of contemporary letters. The spiritual awakening of this life does not mark his advent into prominence. Long before this he had done much for the art of fiction—yea, he had done incomparably more than perhaps any of its masters. An able critic says: "No novelist of that century was comparable to him, not Flaubert, de Maupassant, Freitag, Thackeray, George Eliot, Dickens, Balzac or Tourgeneiff." Call the roll of the masters of prose and perhaps you will not find in the varied experiences of any of them such a change as this man was destined to pass through when he descended from the heights of the art in fiction to the writing of simple stories for the masses. He renounced the greatest literary art of the nineteenth century. But Tolstoy was equally at home in this phase of literary work. The author of "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina," was perfectly contented when writing fables, allegories and sketches adapted to the understanding of peasants and peasants' children.

It matters little, however, in what circumstances a man is placed, nature will assert itself. It was impossible for this man to remain within the narrow confines which he had prescribed for himself, and so from time to time he rose out of his self-made limits. Then the world had such masterpieces from his pen as "The Death of Ivan Illzibch," "Master and Man," "The Kreutzer Sonata" and "The Resurrection."

Attracting the attention of the world as he did by the productions of his pen, Tolstoy rightly heads the list of all Russian writers. But he was undoubtedly better known as the man of the greatest moral influence of his time in Russia, and perhaps in all northern Europe than as a master of literature. When once the

voice of religion came to Tolstoy it came so powerfully that it shut out from his senses every voice that called before; so help him God he could not do otherwise than obey it and it alone, testifying for it with all his heart and all his mind and all his soul.

The religion of this great life was the belief that Christ meant literally what he said. This man passed through a rough sea of doubt and questioning; he consulted Sacrates, Schopenhauer, Solomon and Buddha, and finally fled to Christ. In the end he resolved the Saviour's teachings into these rules: (1) Thou shalt not kill, (2) Thou shalt not commit adultery, (3) Thou shalt not forswear thyself, (4) Resist not him that is evil, (5) Love your enemies. Few men have overcome so many inborn habits and instincts, and very few men of any time have done more to alter the world in which they lived. He lived an exemplary life of self-forgetfulness; he completely upset established values; he threw a searchlight upon the church and church doctrines, and endeavored to turn men's thoughts back to the pure teaching of Christ; he showed by actual practice that these teachings were less chimerical than people had believed.

We Americans have but a slight conception of the meaning of Russian social inequality. Social inequality there means grinding toil, hunger, and worst of all, the death of decency, the shrivelling of the soul, and the retrogression of man, the image of God, to the brute that perisheth. To the sons and daughters of the magnificent palace life means pleasure, theaters, operas, schools, colleges, position and power. To the child of the hovel it means defeat, a glittering prize is held forever beyond his reach, an ever unsatisfied hunger of the soul possesses him; it means the factory and the street instead of the school. Count Leo Tolstoy was instrumental in causing many a vine to spring up around a peasant's doorway, he made roses flourish on childhood's cheeks, and song on woman's lips. Many men and women, toiling discouragingly under the yoke of social inequaltiy, were made to wend their ways along life's path with lighter hearts, with the fostering of a hope, with a clear eye and a steady step, because of the labor of this magnanimous heart. When St. Francis of Assisi wedded poverty, when St. Theresa communed with the Lord, her lover, when St. Catherine had visions of a nuptial marriage, each of

these found something that stood for the infinite. Tolstoy found humanity. He was simply the representative.

The last surprise that Tolstoy furnished was a pathetic one. In the cool, frosty, fall morning of November 9, 1910, he left his luxurious home with a wardrobe which consisted of only two well worn suits. He bade farewell to no one save his youngest daughter. The coachman drove him to the station and soon he was carried away to spend the short remainder of his life in a hut. A few days there and the earthly pilgrimage of Count Leo Tolstoy ceased. The voice is stilled, but the record remains.

When the recording angel will write in the eternal blue the heroes of the nineteenth century, she will put Gladstone for England, Lafayette for France and Castelar for Spain; then, dipping her pen, she will write over the page allotted to Russia's heroes—Tolstoy. It will be the name of a hero who rose far above the level of prejudice, of self-interest, and of deception. His was a life that towered to the heights of liberality, of philanthropy and uncompromising truth. Sincerity, earnestness, manliness, humility, courage—these were the foundation stones of his mighty character.

THE UNFIT.

Frank Gaines, '12.

WINNING STORY IN THE INTER-SOCIETY WRITER'S CONTEST, MAY, 1911.

THERE was a decided stoop in the old man's shoulders and it seemed as he bent over the big timbers in the shipyard that the sun was so hot and heavy on his back he could hardly straighten up. Yesterday he had fallen prostrate in the intense heat, but a dash of the slimy drinking water in his face restored him, and he was back at work immediately. To-day his head ached fearfully, and he was sick all over, yet he dared not stay at home and rest. For the big ship must be completed and a thousand idle men were waiting to take the place of the first who should be absent. Now he was wondering why his sixty-three years had been spent in carrying the iron and timber while the man who sat upon the crane—it looked like a throne to him—and merely worked his levers was but a youth. And despite his gray hairs he knew he must lift the weighty materials while the younger generation was at comparative leisure.

His train of thought was rudely interrupted. As he attempted to adjust a cable around one of the logs, his nerveless hand gave way, the rope dropped and the timber crashed down an incline into one of the dry docks, upsetting everything in its path. The workman started in horror and was wondering if anyone were killed when the foreman came up raging.

"Damn your soul, old man, can't you fix a rope? That log might have killed twenty-five men, and this has happened twice in the last week. It strikes me you are about due for the shelf. Here, take this to the office and get your coin. Cut out the sad story business now and beat it."

The old man took the little slip and turned to the office. He didn't believe for a moment that he had lost his position. Surely the powers higher up would make it all right for a man who had given them forty-five years of work.

In the office the superintendent was the young son of the president. Lolling back in an arm chair, he had a cigar in his mouth and a half-emptied bottle of imported wine was on the little table beside him. One might have noticed that though he was faultlessly dressed, with not even a grain of dust on his pumps, and rather striking looking, yet his eyes were bleared and heavy and his handsome young face was turning a deep red from long days and nights of dissipation. Just now he had an expression of supreme self-satisfaction, for he was reading a newspaper in which was described the noble purpose of a distinguished millionaire's son who had gone to the bottom to learn the business and to gain promotion as any other man. And the picture in the center of the article was his own.

To this scion of American royalty the old workman, with greasy overalls and with a black face streaked here and there by little streams of perspiration, came and told him he'd been fired, but because of his long service he thought he was due another chance. But the young man looked bored.

"Ah, forget it. You played out fifteen years ago, old fellow, and you are the only fool blind enough not to see it. Go home and rock the babies along with the other old women."

The crowd of parasites in the office who lived off the rich man's bounty laughed at the joke. But the old man passed out into the street, carrying his empty dinner bucket, and the stoop in his shoulders was more pronounced.

When he got home his daughter had prepared his supper, and because it was so hot, surprised him with a glass of cold tea, though even the little lump of ice had made a hole in his savings. Then under the influence of the cold drink his spirits returned and he decided not to tell her that his job was gone. For the next day he could easily get another, he, a skilled workman. Yes, he was skilled—in lifting and carrying weights.

The next day came, but not the position. Everywhere, at the meat-packing houses, at the tobacco factory, and even at the big elevators on the river side his gray hair and the stoop in his shoulders betrayed him. And everywhere it was the same story, "Sorry, old man, but we have to draw the line at sixty. Younger labor is so much surer and just as cheap."

So he went home and told the girl there the whole story. But she laughed lightly.

"Why, it's time you were retiring anyway, dad. Here you've been supporting me all my life and now I'm twenty-three and quite able to take care of us both. Besides, don't you think it's time I was making use of what I learned at the commercial school?" And when the girl, excited by sheer joy, had gone out and scanned the want column of the paper, she continued, "Why, they advertise for a stenographer down at the office of the shipyards. Now I'll go down and they won't know I'm your daughter, and you know, dad, there ain't a girl that can beat me at the typewriter."

She was up early and dressed herself in her best clothes. I don't suppose that even the least fastidious would have called her beautiful. Her dress was of a very cheap fabric and her shoes were heavy and by no means small or delicate. Her hair was very straight and plaited down her back. A close observer would have seen that her eyes were somewhat crossed and on her lower jaw was a birth mark that glowed red and ugly against the pallid complexion. No, she was hardly pretty. Yet, withal, it was a clean, honest face and as she stood before her father to him she seemed transfigured with wondrous beauty. Because she was his baby, and even the other half of our race knows what it means to love.

She kissed him as she left ,"Goodbye, dad."

It was what she used to say when she was a child.

After she had gone, the old man went up to his room. She had not made up her bed, and he was pleased because he could do this for the child who had gone out to earn bread for him. His hands were rough, but then the covering on her bed was rough, and somehow his making the bed did not seem so incongruous. And the old man with the stoop in his shoulders lifted the coarse covering as tenderly as though it were fine linen. Then he noticed her old house dress in the corner of the room. She had had it a long time, and it was ridiculously small for her now, but still she wore it when she was at home. And the old man took it down and kissed the hard cloth because his baby had worn it.

Meanwhile the girl had arrived at the office and the assistant

to the young superintendent tried her out. The rapidity with which her eager fingers ran over the keys assured him that she was competent, and he gave her the position.

It was several hours later when the superintendent himself arrived. The night before had been a particularly gay one, and his head was aching. About the first thing he saw was the new girl, who was sitting with her back to him. He walked up to her and laid his hand heavily on her shoulder. She turned with a little frightened cry. But he removed his hand and his face assumed an expression of deep digust and disappointment, and he said: "Don't be alarmed. *You* are safe, beyond a doubt. But who soaked you with red paint?"

Then he walked in to his assistant.

"Miller, you are a constant annoyance to my sense of aesthetics. I want you to understand that everything around this office must be artistic, especially the stenographers. Give that in there her envelope to-night, for God's sake."

That evening a girl carried away from the office of the shipyards her wages for one day. And a red birth mark was redder than usual because her blod was hot with shame.

* * * * * * *

The old laborer was trying to think, but his life had been spent in lifting and carrying weights, and he could not reason clearly. He could only know that he was beaten and his girl insulted, and for the first time he realized the helplessness and loneliness of defeat. And he saw no reason why he should prolong it all. True, it seemed cowardly to leave the little girl, but he had heard of Christian association that cared for homeless girls, and perhaps she would fare better if he were out of the way. For he had reached the age limit, he had played out, he was shelved for the last time. Then he thought of the big river that ran by the city's side and remembered that even if it were black and muddy it was at least deep and peaceful.

As he passed by the office of the shipyards, he noticed a big red automobile standing there. The office door opened and there came out a young man, blear eyed and red of face, yet handsome

for all that. He jumped in the car, leaned back against the luxurious cushions, took off his hat and bared his brow to the night wind, then directed the driver to his club.

The old man with the stoop in his shoulders watched the big automobile with the handsome young man in it till it passed out of sight down the street. Then he turned and started again for the river.

WHAT LOVE IS LIKE.

V. B., '12.

Had you flown too close to the candle light
And blackened those little wings of white
Why should I mind the scar?
Or why should I care what the world might see,
But then you could still come back to me
Just as you are!

Had you sinned through a Hell of Desire and Pain,
And dragged your little white soul through its stain,
Not this should hold us apart;
For Love could forget, if you only came
Back from the mire, out of your shame,
Home to my heart.

Hell cannot contain so deep a part
But that at the bottom you'd still find my heart;
And the flame that trailed with ashes your track
Would be sacred to me if it brought you back.

FAITH.

G. V. McManaway, '12.

"HELLO, old man! Thinking of home?"

No. sir. I was just resting," replied a confused freshman, as he jumped from his chair by the window to confront the visitor who had taken him so by surprise. "I've been trying all the evening to straighten my room up, and it's a tiresome job."

"I know it is, been doing the same thing myself. Bennett's my name; I room just across the hall there, and thought I'd drop in and chat a while before going to bed."

"Sitting here in the dark dreaming, eh?" Bennett continued when the formalities of the introduction were over and he had settled himself comfortably on the bed. "Have you written to her yet?"

"Who you mean?"

"Oh, the girl you were thinking of when I came in."

"I just left home this morning."

"Yes, I know, but you wrote to her this evening, didn't you?"

"Well, I did write a note to tell her I got here all right," came the slow, hesitating reply of the freshman, as though confessing a fault.

"Of course! And you told her that it already seemed months since you had seen her, that your new life hadn't made you forget her for one moment of the day, and that you love her more than ever. You reminded her of your determination to keep your college life from breaking up the congeniality between you, as some had perhaps predicted it would; and then finally you hinted that you hoped she wouldn't let your rival get the drop on you while you are away. Isn't that about what you wrote?"

"Yes, sir; I believe I did put in most of those things—but how could you tell?"

"Oh, easily enough," laughed Bennett, "I've been through it all myself, old man. I'm a senior now, but I was a freshman once and I know the symptoms wherever I see them."

And, while the darkness hid the smile which from time to time played about the older man's lips as he was reminded of his own dreams and ambitions, when he, too, was just breaking into this new life of the college world, the freshman eagerly poured his confidences into the ears of his new-found friend. He described the girl in the extravagant terms peculiar only to "puppy love" as being different from all others. He told of their love affair—its beginning, its long-continued course, the rival who had been a thorn in his flesh, and the jestings of his friends when they heard that he proposed leaving the field to his rival for four long years. And then his words came faster as he spoke of his ambitions and plans for the future when he would return home, fitted for his profession, and live that life of larger usefulness with her to help him. He would show people whether she would wait for him or not; she had said she would, so how could anyone doubt it. He went on eagerly, forgetful of everything save that he had been dreadfully, cruelly lonesome all day, and now he had found a friend who would listen and appreciate his experiences.

"It might be cruel," mused the senior as he lay on the bed meditating, "but then he's got to learn some time, and I must have something to do.

"Come on and meet some of the fellows," he said aloud, breaking in on an account of a twilight drive which the freshman had enjoyed with her shortly before, and starting slowly for the door.

In a few moments they were seated in a sophomore's room discussing the events of the vacation, which had just drawn to a close.

"How's that girl you were so daffy about last year?" Bennett inquired carelessly, and smiled when he saw the freshman lean forward eagerly.

"She's all right, thanks, but things aren't just like they used to be with us somehow. You know I was as crazy as a fool about her last year—wrote to her twice a week, refused to look at any girl here the second time, and dreamed of wedding bells every night. Well, when I got home it seemed like we had changed a lot. It's one of those blooming triangular affairs, you know, and while I was here dreaming about marrying the girl, the third party of the triangle was rushing things at home, and playing the

mischief with my chances generally. We haven't had any fuss, you understand, and I suppose we'll correspond again this year, but still everything's different and I believe the other fellow has me beaten. I can't explain it. I didn't know it till I went home and we met again."

"It seems to me I miss a familiar face on the bureau there, Skinny," the senior remarked innocently a little later as he and the freshman were smoking their pipes in a junior's room in another dormitory.

"Well, suppose you do? What of it?"

"Oh, nothing; just thought you might explain."

"Twont't take long to do that. We've been losing interest in the affair ever since I came to college. She became more and more interested in things at home while I was putting all my interest into things here. Just before I left home this time we decided we had better call it all off. See?"

"Another triangular affair, isn't it?"

"Yes, and I bet she is engaged to the other guy by now."

"But say, Skinny, how about all that dope you gave us your first year about her promise to wait for you, and your affair being an exception to the old rule, and all that sort of rot?"

"Aw, that was a lot of blamed hot air! Baby twaddle! I really did believe it then, though. Guess I've learned better now. But talking of girls, just let me show you two pictures I've got to take the place of that one. They're dreams, and I'm dead in love with both of 'em."

As they strolled slowly back to their dormitory a little later, the senior and the freshman, the senior became thoughtful a moment and then plunged into a confession. "I had a girl in my freshman year, too. . . . Thought we were different from everyone else, and wouldn't be influenced by the separation. . . . I'm going home in November to see her married."

"Well, here are our rooms again, and I think I'll go to bed. What do you think of your chances of getting that girl now?"

"Oh, I think it'll turn out all right. She's not like the girls those fellows were talking about. You see we were warned about it beforehand, and made up our minds not to drift apart, so ours will end differently."

The senior turned away with a smile, and when he entered his room a moment later he was still shaking his head hopelessly. Pausing before his desk he smiled down at the three photographs which greeted him there, and whispered to them in a mock serious tone: "Faith, hope and charity, these three, but the greatest of these is faith."

THE SCHOOL IN OUR TOWN.

G. H. Winfrey, '12.

THE school in our town is a modern, first grade high school. It serves a town of two thousand inhabitants, and a part of the surrounding country. The course includes eight years of preparatory and grammar grade work, and in addition four years of high school. The teachers are able, well-trained and thorough in their work. The building is an excellent one, surroundings good, and sanitary arrangements well-nigh perfect. While the equipment—books in library, maps and other educational appliances—is small, yet it is being improved yearly. Judged by the success of the high school graduates in entering and continuing successfully courses in college, the school cannot be criticised. However, since not over half of the high school graduates go to college, and less than half the pupils who enter school complete the entire course, either grammar or high school, we cannot apply the success of the few in college as the standard by which the school should be measured.

The school exists for the good of society; since this is true, it should meet the average educational needs of the community it serves. What training, then, does the school give the great majority who do not go through the high school and the still greater majority who do not go to college, which fits them for active and happy citizenship in the State; or, is it doing all that the community has a right to expect? The course as followed now is almost continuously preparatory, primary for grammar, grammar for high school, and high school for college. Many commence and follow for varying periods preparation for a journey which few take. With this object—college—in view, the mind of the pupil is taken away from the great and valuable every-day facts about him. Geography as taught takes his mind sailing over strange seas and into strange ports, to the neglect of the geography of his own country. In arithmetic he is introduced to banking, commerce and railroading; the arithmetic of agricul-

ture and of dairy farming is unknown and neglected, and so on. The pupils, under such a system, gradually lose their regard for things at home—a feeling that everything worth while is somewhere else takes its place. That this is not mere theory may be proved by looking at the multitude yearly leaving the country and small towns for the cities.

Our school, then, instead of serving the community, is silently but surely drawing from the community and sending to the cities its best blood and brains; those who remain get, beyond the mental discipline, very little training for life in the community. The girls study French for a year or two, and do not know how to make an apron; they get a smattering of literature and can't cook a decent dinner; they study zoology and know nothing about nursing a sick child. One or two years of training in Latin or Greek is practically worthless to a boy; the same time spent in the study of agriculture would have benefited him and the State inestimably. The study of the history of Egypt and the geography of India, both valuable and interesting, cannot be compared in real value to a good understanding of the government of his country and the value of his native soil. In short, a mere introduction to Latin and Greek roots is valueless in comparison with some scientific knowledge of the growth and propagation of corn and potatoes. The system or course as followed now is an educational farce, an economic waste and a perversion of the pupil's one chance of preparation for a life of usefulness. The real interests of ninety and nine are neglected, while we bend every effort to prepare one for college.

After nearly four years of teaching, I do not attempt to condemn the course wholesale; I realize that it cannot be made perfect. However, the school should hold as its ideal of service training for a fuller and richer life for many, and, in addition, preparation for college for the few who desire it.

THE PRICE.

M. B., '13.

THE afternoon sun crept in through the stained glass window at the rear of the pulpit and surrounded the young minister with a halo of glorious light. It streamed across the congregation and rose in a crimson shaft behind the unkept head of a man on the back bench. The minister had just risen to take his text; his eyes rested upon the glorified figure sitting aloof from the rest of the congregation, and his frame shook as he seemed to see in the stream of sunlight the finger of God. For a long moment he looked at the pointing finger before he gave out his text, "The poor ye have always with you." It was not the subject that he had previously selected, but the thought and longing and struggle of months crowded to his lips for utterance, and he was swept on by an eloquence such as he could not have calmly penned in his study. As he looked at the man, dejected and shrinking before him, the tragedy of life among the poor laborers took possession of him. All the longing for higher things choked in its birth by the struggle for existence, the bareness, the narrowness, the pettiness of their lives he painted with words surcharged with feeling.

The congregation sat in rapt attention while he held them spellbound with his eloquence, his tenderness and his determination. The presence of the outcast had awakened a new sense of responsibility. He had steadfastly refused to have anything to do with the church until to-day, when the minister's heart was filled with thankfulness at seeing him within the door. This triumph led him on to a broader field. But still the great question which had presented itself to him so often was unanswered. The glorious career which seemed just within his reach could not be easily given up, though there *were* thousands of lives that needed him. The question of how far a man should sacrifice himself for others

was burning into his soul, and this was the question he sounded from the pulpit.

All during the sermon the solitary man before him had been an inspiration; not until he gave out the hymn did he turn to the choir on his left, where sat another figure of whose presence he had been conscious all the time. Margaret Recede was turning the leaves of her hymnal with dainty gloved hands, and her clear voice as she rose to sing rang out true and sweet, but not vibrant with the depth of tenderness that suffering only could bring. Her eyes did not meet the minister's in the questioning glance which he turned toward her, and he felt disappointed. But still under the spell of his inspiration he pronounced the benediction and came down from the pulpit as the people were filing out. It was Margaret's smile for which he was waiting, and when he had received it and murmured the oft-repeated words, "I'll see you to-night," and she had passed on he longed for solitude.

At last the crowd was gone and he was alone in the silent church. Now he could make his decision. He felt that no one should interfere as he made the choice on which would depend his whole life, its failure or success, its glory of shame. He made his way to the organ, and as the evening shadows climbed across the empty pews behind him he played a melody, soft and sad. Then beneath his touch the music rose and swelled till it seemed to sweep him into a region far removed from the sordidness of earth. There, as in a vision, he beheld the smallness of the earthly fame for which he was striving; the pettiness of selfish hopes and desires oppressed him. Suddenly he felt that he had won. The triumphant victory filling his soul thrilled through the music till it burst into a glorious obligato that the rapt musician played. The last bright sunbeams enfolded him for a moment in new splendor and then were fled. The notes grew faint and died away in the twilight, and the minister rose from the organ feeling that no earthly thing could change his decision.

That evening he found Margaret waiting for him on the porch. For two glornous, happy years they had loved each other. She had helped him in his work, had been an inspiration to his sermons; their lives were so interwoven that it seemed they could not be severed. To-night the full moon seemed to be sending

down her softest, gentlest rays upon the rose vine above them as he bent over her and asked if she would go with him to the mining town in the West where duty called so loudly.

"No," she faltered. "I am not suited for the life out there, and it is not suited to me; I would be only a hindrance to your work." He had expected her to object at first, but there was the deep conviction that she loved him enough to give up and go with him. She never dreamed that he would really go away, he had talked that way so often. The rose color of love unfolded then and they thought it impossible for them to part forever, though they said several times on the porch that evening that it must be so.

Margaret went up to her room, and kneeling by the open window in the silver moonlight watched the minister go into the village. How could he persist in such foolish thoughts, she wondered; how could he really expect to go out to that barbarous West? It was a good thing that she had influence to bear upon him to counteract this freak. But he walked home planning the delights of his home in the West, of which Margaret should be queen.

Several weeks passed, he handed in his resignation and persisted in his resolution, though begged and petitioned by his congregation not to leave them. But he was firm; he must leave, and he made all preparations to go at once.

* * * * * * *

Five years have elapsed since the departure of the minister and discloses Margaret a blooming, beautiful woman of twenty-three. The moon is shining upon the porch and upon the woman beneath the rose leaves just as it did one night five years ago. The same features are there, with perhaps a little more courage and determination in the depths of the soft, blue eyes. The brown curls cluster about the forehead just as they used to do. A diamond glittered on her finger and caught the moon beams as she thought of the handsome lawyer who had gradually taken the place of her minister.

The leaves upon the lawn crumbled under the feet of an approaching figure. As Margaret looked up she beheld the form

that she had known so well with the firmness of success in the step.

"I've come to take you to your throne, sweetheart. I need you and can't live without you."

The diamond flashed again in the moonlight. It was her only reply as she stood speechless beneath the roses.

THE GIRLS OF YESTERDAY.

Frank Gaines, '12.

To-night the songs that once were sung
Laugh with the girls who were.—Caruth.

To-night there are ghosts over the grave
Of the good old days when the blood was brave;
Visions we met in the lonesome mist,
Hair that we fingered, lips that we kissed,
And we loved them awhile and sipped at their smile
And swore that sweet was the price of their guile—
Laughter and sigh and woman's eye
And a moment's kiss that lingers for aye

They came and they went, for thus we forget,
And there's little remorse and less of regret,
Yet their fleeting stay made bright the day,
And our heart was as lead when they went away,
Till we found again, ere the sun could wane,
That another's lips might banish the pain.

Somewhere, for us all, waits the One Only,
We'll find her at last—the Woman-to-Be—
Then we'll crown her and to her our constancy swear—
But to-night old mem'ries make fev'rish the air,
For we loved them awhile and sipped at their smile,
Then onward we passed—but remember the while
Laughter and sigh and a woman's eye
And a moment's kiss that lingers for aye.

THE MESSENGER

Entered at the Postoffice at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter.

EDITORIALS.

The College Man in Politics.

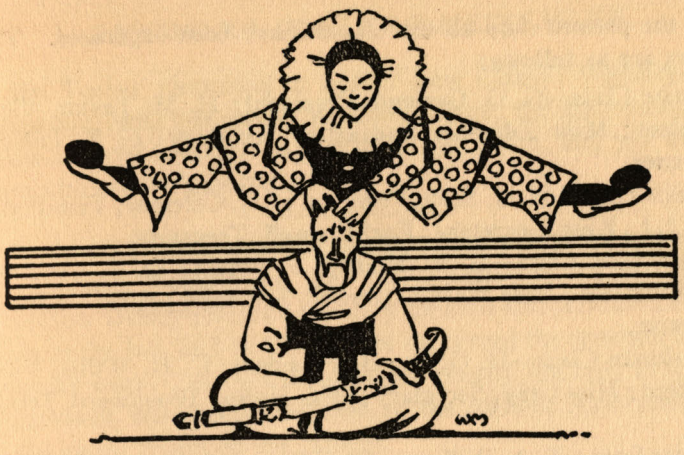
When a man in college hears for the first time that the college man is to be the leader of the fu-

ture the statement usually makes some impression upon him. Here is a benefit he had not possibly reckoned, a benefit which will come to him in addition to those already counted. The statement is so often repeated that even the most doubtful is convinced and the student of two years or more leans back in his seat and sleeps the sleep of the just and dreams the dreams of the fortunate while some impassioned orator pours the same old thing in his ears—the college man to be the leader of the future.

In some fields there is a need for the college man which has not always existed, but is a product af the conditions which surround us. Especially is this true in politics—we use the term in its broader sense. When this nation was in its formative period there was a need for great minds, a need which was supplied. The problems which faced these pioneers were elemental in character, they were questions which had right on the one side and wrong on the other, they were problems of liberty and tyranny, of autocracy and democracy. They were fundamental, but at the same time were relatively simple—*i. e.*, to many there were but two or three possible solutions. The work was creative and demanded commanding genius, and that spirit which exists only in those who for generations have breathed the breath of freedom. But to-day the circumstances are not the same. The government is already founded on rock, and it remains for the present to complete and maintain the superstructure. You who build should be better prepared for the task than your fathers, you have enjoyed what they bequeathed you. And the issues which face you in the present are more complicated, more intricate, if they are not so fundamental. They call for the specialist, the man who confines his attention to one field and whose mind can penetrate and solve its problems; they call for the trained thinker. The question of municipal government, with all its various phases, must be handled, huge business combines are looming up on the horizon, capital and labor are engaged in an endless controversy, interstate commerce presents delicate and ever-changing aspects, and so on through a long list.

The college man will have his place in this if he is the well informed man, the trained man, the thinking man. Positions of

leadership will fall to the men from the schools of the country, because the mental training by which they have profited makes them men to whom these positions fall by the law of the survival of the fittest. This law knows no names; for the idler it has nothing in store.



CAMPUS NOTES.

G. H. Winfrey, '12, Editor.

On October 2d classes were suspended for one period and the students attended a memorial service in the chapel to Dr. Baggarly, the popular instructor in biology, who died on September 3d. After a prayer by Dr. Latham, Dr. Baggarly's pastor, Professor Anderson spoke as representative of the faculty and read the resolutions passed by that body. He was followed by Frank Gaines, of the student body, Dr. James Nelson, of the Woman's College, Dr. J. T. Gray, of the faculty of the University College of Medicine, Dr. J. A. White, of Richmond, with whom Dr. Baggarly was associated, and President Blackwell of Randolph-Macon The whole service was beautiful and impressive, and many well-deserved tributes were paid to the man whose death meant such a loss to Richmond College.

A Co-ed (V. S.) was in company with a student (Tip) and naturally the talk ran on books. By and by there was a lull in the conversation, broken presently by the young lady, who said: "By the way, Mr. S., what do you think of Fielding?" "Oh," was the answer, "fielding is important of course, but it isn't worth much unless you have good pitching and batting."

At the present date all the classes have been organized. The officers are as follows:

Senior Class—G. G. Garland, President; H. M. Taylor, Vice-President; Miss Edmonia Lancaster, Secretary; C. T. O'Neil, Treasurer.

Junior Class—H. H. Seay, President; J. J. Coleman, Vice-President; J. L. King, Secretary; Earl Crowell, Treasurer.

Sophomore Class—B. V. Haislip, President; D. T. Crockett, Vice-President; Miss Marian Monsell, Secretary; A. R. Crabtree, Treasurer.

Freshman Class—H. G. Duval, President; C. H. Willis, Vice-President; Miss Gray, Secretary; Miss Norma Woodward, Treasurer.

Senior Law—T. A. Williams, President; J. S. Gray, Vice-President; E. J. Byers, Secretary and Treasurer.

Junior Law—J. B. Duval, President; F. G. Louthan, Vice-President; L. T. Griffith, Secretary; Andrew Ellis, Treasurer.

The College German Club gave its first dance of the season at the Hermitage on the evening of October the 26th. It was a complete success in every way, and was enjoyed by all who participated. With such an auspicious beginning the Club promises a most successful, pleasant year.

Dietz (in Greek): Dr. Harris, what is the vocative of *Hades?*

"Froggie" Welsh (finishing up an hour's sermon on the immortality of the soul): I looked at the mountain and could not help thinking, "Beautiful as you are you will be destroyed, while my soul will not." I gazed at the ocean and cried, "Mighty as you are you will eventually dry up, but not I."

V. P. I. Rooters (at the recent V. P. I.-N. C. game): Touchdown, Tech. You've done it before, Tech! You can do it some more, Tech! Touchdown, Tech!

W. B. Miller (on the bleachers): That fellow Tech must be some football player—I wonder which one he is?

Mr. Tucker (lecturing to Senior Law Class): Whiskey costs thirty-five cents per gallon to manufacture, the government imposes a tax of a dollar and ten cents per gallon, and *you* are the ones who have to pay for it.

Professor Dickey, who for the past four years has had charge of the Latin Department, has lately handed in his resignation. Professor Dickey underwent a very difficult and serious operation early in the fall, and he has not yet recovered the strength to continue his work. We will all miss him greatly, not only in his own department, but also as president of the Athletic Association and as the genial friend on the campus.

Dr. B. A. Wise, Ph. D., who succeeds him, comes well equipped for his position. His undergraduate work was done at Randolph-Macon and his graduate work at Johns Hopkins. Since leaving the university he has been teaching in colleges in the South and Southwest, and he comes recommended as a thorough teacher and scholar. The student body extends to him a warm welcome.

Rat (in Junior Chemistry Laboratory): Does anyone know where the consecrated nitric acid is?

Frank Gaines went to his church recently, prepared with copious notes for two sermons, morning and evening. Unfortunately losing the notes for his morning sermon he bravely faced the brethren and sisters with this excuse:

"Beloved, on my way here I suffered the misfortune of losing my notes for the sermon this morning. For my words this morning I will have to trust in the Lord—to-night I hope to come better prepared."

ATHLETICS.

F. M. B., '12.

At this season of the year when everyone around you is talking football and you ought to be talking, thinking and playing football, few college men realize that there are other sports fostered by our Athletic Association. Far be it from anyone to depreciate the value of our truly representative American college game, yet it must be admitted that there are some who are not physically fit to play football (they are few), there are some who think that they are not fit (they are legion), and there are some who have not interest enough to even think of playing it (may their tribe vanish). Any reasonable, sane man will tell you that it is impossible for the mind to develop unless accompanied by proper physical development through sensible exercise. Now there is a way for every man in the above-mentioned classes to find suitable, congenial exercise. Do you ask how? Well, there are four organized ways: Gymnasium, Basketball, Tennis and Track.

On five afternoons of the week, Monday to Friday inclusive, two classes in gymnasium work meet, one at 3:30 and the other at 4:30, under the instruction of a skilled, experienced instructor. At present the ranks are woefully thin, and the instructor is much discouagred. For your own sake see Mr. Coffman, give him your name and report for the work. Then, after the gym-

nasium work is over, go out and join one of the basketball squads and try for one of the six teams that are being organized.

Some of you may have an inclination to play tennis. Remember that every matriculate of Richmond College who has paid his athletic fee has equal privileges on the tennis courts. The trials for the tennis team for the fall season have been held. The winners were J. B. Duval and J. P. Snead, with P. K. Smith as substitute. There is always opportunity for superior ability, and if you can play a better game than either of these gentlemen, he will gracefully yield his place to you when the spring preliminaries come around. Manager Powers is arranging some very attractive trips.

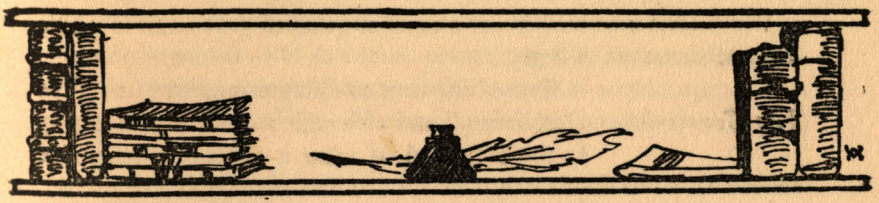
Track work also commands our attention. A few days since Captain Vaughan issued a call for those who wished to win honors on the cinder path. With Vaughan, Wilson, Meredith, Gary, and Tyler as a neucleus for a team, we ought to have a winner this year. Manager Winfrey is planning to take the team on three or four trips and to hold two meets here, one in- and one out-door. There is no reason why the meets should not be profitable, not only in victories, but also in a financial way. Get behind the manager and back him to the finish.

But now to a more absorbing theme. If you have had the patience to read thus far come with us for a little review of our football season. Four times the referee's whistle has sounded and the victory has not yet been safe in the camp of our moleskin warriors. On September 30th M. A. C. sent a strong aggregation of huskies to meet our boys. Both teams left the field telling what might have happened, but the score said 0 to 0. In the Fredericksburg College game the ball was booted, or rather fumbled, back and forth to the tune of a zero score for both sides. On the 14th of October Randolph-Macon made their appearance. Followed by their usual good luck, and as Richmond was entertaining her now venerable hoodoo, they departed with two touchdowns and one goal to their credit. But on the 21st came the saddest item of this uneventful history. Georgetown, who last year claimed to be the champion of the South and was already making that claim for this season, met us on the Broad

Street Park gridiron. Of course no one expected that we would win, but the score was a surprise. It was—well, it was 65 to 0. The unusual size of this score was probably due in large measure to the length of time played. In the first quarter, instead of playing twelve minutes, the agreed time, by a mistake of the officials the ball was in play twenty-seven minutes. During this extra fifteen minutes Georgetown scored three touchdowns, kicked three goals and completely wore out our team.

As this goes to press we are on the eve of a mortal struggle with our rivals from Farmville. Let us hope that the hoodoo will depart. We are in very bad physical condition for the game. Lutz, our fullback, will be out of the game entirely, and it is uncertain whether Taylor, Meredith and Ancarrow, of the back field, and Decker, Tyler and Benton, of the line, will be in the game. All of these men have been seriously crippled for the past week or longer.

The team has not accomplished much this year, but don't knock. If you must knock, get a suit, come out and try a little of it physically. The team needs you, you need the team. Listen, and we will tell you a little secret: *there have not been enough men out this year to form a second team for the first team to practice with.* Possibly you have never played football; it is impossible for you to learn younger. When you see the Richmond College team, your team, our team, going down in defeat for a lack of practice, if you have red blood flowing through your veins you will be willing to sustain a few blows and buffets to furnish them that much-needed practice. If, however, you cannot distinguish red, say, from yellow, you will be of more service to yourself and to the college in your own room grinding.



EXCHANGES.

G. V. McManaway, '12.

FAIR EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY.

Somewhere back in the infancy of college magazines the first exchange editor, on assuming the duties of his office, felt called upon to deliver an inaugural outlining the work he intended to do and the ideals he would follow. As far as we can judge, from the files of our own magazine and those of the exchanges which have come to our desk, this precedent has never been violated by an incoming exchange editor. So we have read the same old speech in a hundred different forms, and memorized all the little maxims which were thrown in gratis.

Hence we will not weary our readers with our views regarding the privileges, duties, and opportunities of the exchange editor, nor will we expatiate upon the value of criticisms and the spirit in which it should be given and received. We simply refer them to any other college magazine containing the first article of an incoming editor of this department.

There is, however, one duty of the exchange editor which we think has been unjustly omitted from the lists, namely, to exchange. We will make it our aim to enlarge our exchange list until it includes one or more magazines from each Southern State, and as many from the North as possible. But in pursuing this aim we will at the same time conform to our motto above. We would neither rob nor be robbed. While trying to make our own magazines fair exchanges for the best let us all strive to aid and encourage the smaller ones so that they too may be able to give value for value.

We extend best wishes for a most successful year to all to whom THE MESSENGER will go.

The Carolinian.

One of the first exchanges to arrive was "The Carolinian," and although it fails to measure up to the standard of what a university magazine should be, yet it does fairly well for the first number of the session. The two stories are its weakest part. "The Ambitious Freshman" has a very realistic scene for its opening, and gave promise of a good story, but in spite of the excellent atmosphere which had been created, as soon as the real plot began all naturalness was lost. The plot was overdrawn, and since the ambitious freshman himself was unlike any freshman encountered in real life, he robbed the story of its realism. The other story, "A Melancholy Victory," has the flavor of a moving picture film. It is loosely constructed and hardly deserves a place in a college magazine. The poems are somewhat better than the stories, but there are perhaps too many for the amount of other material. The "Reverie" and "Beneath the Pine Tree's Shade" are the best. Among the essays "The Transition from School to College" is well expressed and shows careful thought. Another essay or two of this type would have added strength to the publication. The short sketch, "Sleep," brings out clearly the close relation between life and death. It is worked out nicely.

The Red and White.

The first number of "The Red and White" is a very creditable one. The two patriotic poems, "Our Dear Fatherland" and "Our State," are excellent. Their technique and expression are praiseworthy. "Darius Green, Detective," attempts too much. It is really two stories in one. The first part, dealing with the experiences of Darius at the negro school, formed an excellent and original story, but was a little exaggerated at the end. The second part, however, is too unnatural and forced to be interesting, and so the entire story is weakened. "True to His Promise" is the best story of the number. It presents realistic characterization and a well developed plot. The ending is particularly strong "Should Woman Be Allowed to Vote?" Emphatically yes, unless stronger reasons than these are brought forward. This essay is good from an oratorical standpoint, but it is weak so far as

proving anything is concerned. The time has passed when appeals to prejudice and dramatic apostrophes to woman are sufficient in treating this subject, and the man who would oppose woman's suffrage must be able to support his position with solid reasoning.

The Furman Echo.

"The Furman Echo" contains two interesting stories: "The Pumpkin Pilferers" and "Harold Devancey's Rescue." The only objection to the first is that it seemed rather strange for bank robbers to take the trouble of stealing the largest pumpkin in a patch in which to hide their loot when they were going to put it all into a log anyhow. The second is full of interest and contains an unexpected surprise at the end. The one essay, "A Greater Political Purity Inevitable," contains good logical reasoning, and gives evidence of careful work. The verse is of a high order, but we were most pleased with "I." The magazine is well balanced and a credit to its college.

The University of Virginia Magazine.

"The University of Virginia Magazine" is the best which came to our desk this month. In the first place, it is composed of essays, stories and verse in the proper proportions, and in the second place, all the contents are good. We hesitate to attempt to distinguish between the three poems, for they are all good. "The Salutation to the University," because of its more exalted theme, is a shade better than the others. "The Durability of Stevenson" is interesting as well as instructive. The quotations which are cited from Stevenson's work add greatly to the beauty of the essay as well as proving the points for which they are used. The writer has succeeded ably in proving the immortality of Stevenson. "Land Tenure in Colonial Virginia" is another excellent essay. Its subject does not admit of its being as interesting as the Stevenson essay, but it is thorough and is undoubtedly the result of much research. The stories too are good, particularly "The Little Gods." We like "The Little Gods" better than any story which we have reviewed, not because of any great moral or teaching it contains, for it has none, but because of its naturalness and smooth development. We were able to lose ourselves completely in read-

ing it, and having finished, we felt depressed because of its sad ending. And, after all, the taste which is left in the reader's mouth is the best thing by which to judge a story.

Besides the magazines mentioned we acknowledge the receipt of *The Buff and Blue, The Pharos, The Messenger* (of Louisiana College), *Isaqueena,* and *The Lesbian Herald.*

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

J. E. Welsh, '12, Editor.

The Alumni Notes of this issue are devoted to the whereabouts of the students who received their law degrees in 1911. We also take the privilege of adding a "near grads" column. In this it is our purpose to keep in touch with students who have been in college for several years, but who did not receive the coveted degree.

Richard A. Ammons is at present in the law office of J. S. Collins, Richmond, Va.

Alexander B. Belfield is in the law office of Hon. William Ellyson.

Willing Bowie is practicing law at Mica, Va. Mr. Bowie contemplates running for Commonwealth's Attorney of Caroline County in the near future.

Jesse L. Broudy has already firmly established himself among the young lawyers of Norfolk.

O. L. Cole is secretary to President Boatwright, succeeding Mr. Anderson, who is now Proctor of the University College of Medicine.

Raymond W. Gill is secretary and treasurer of the Virginia Feed and Grain Co., of Petersburg.

H. B. Gilliam is now a member of the law firm of Gilliam & Gilliam, of Petersburg.

John Ingram is continuing his law course at University of Virginia.

Allen C. Jones is at present assistant editor and part owner of *The Times-Herald,* of Newport News.

Arthur R. Kershaw is in the life insurance business with the Life Insurance Company of Virginia.

Irving May is taking an additional course in law at the University of Virginia.

Josiah C. Peck is studying law at Washington and Lee University.

Samuel W. Shelton has opened a law office in Richmond.

James R. Sheppard is building up an extensive law practice in Richmond.

Virginius L. Arnold and John Kendrick Hutton are shortly to open a law office at Waverly, Va.

"NEAR GRADS."

A. Walter Saunders, who for four years was deeply interested in all phases of college life, is at the Universitl College of Medicine this session.

E. A. Vivas recently married Miss Purdie, of Richmond. Mr. and Mrs. Vivas are at present at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky. Upon the completion of their work there they will sail for South America.

W. R. White, whom many will remember as the efficient leader of our chapel singing, was recently married to Mrs. W. Young. Mr. and Mrs. White are now at Oyster Point, Va., where Mr. White is pastor of a flourishing church.

B. M. Davidson has entered the seminary at Colgate, and will also take work in the University there.

G. E. Smith is attending the seminary at Louisville.

W. M. Thompson receives his B. D. degree at Colgate Seminary next spring. Since leaving Richmond College, Mr. Thompson has made an enviable record at this excellent New York institution.